



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 6 • No. 26

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JUNE 25, 1937

5 CENTS

ANOTHER APPEAL

How about it, Mr. Silvey? Just as a matter of good business, if for no other reason, don't you think it would be a good idea to reduce the size of the sign over the front of your store, reduce it to conform somewhat to the other signs on the block?

NOT SO HOT FOR HARRY B. SMITH

Harry B. Smith writes in Wednesday morning's *San Francisco Chronicle*: "Some 28 years ago Jack Johnson won the heavyweight champion title from a shopworn James J. Jeffries at Reno." Not so hot for a man who, to our personal knowledge, has been sports editor of a metropolitan newspaper for wellnigh onto 30 years.

MR. CERWIN—WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY STICKING UP A SIGN LIKE THAT?

We heard a complaint last Tuesday about the "Carmel Woods" sign, erected by the Del Monte Properties Company on the highway just north of the first entrance into town. We gritted our teeth and started forth to view it, regretfully thinking that here is another time we have to fly in the face of a possible advertising contract.

We viewed the sign. We are compelled to criticize it. We are compelled to inform the Del Monte Properties Company that it is, without question, one of the handsomest roadside signs we have ever seen. We are compelled to extend our congratulations to the Del Monte Properties Company for conceiving it, to Paul Whitman for designing it, and to Dick Johnson for executing it. Rather than being a handsome evil, we consider that "Carmel Woods" sign a delightful virtue for the important reason that it might possibly set an example. And we herewith recommend, with a mind on a few Carmel merchants, that if anyone wants some tutoring in the matter of signs, road, store or plain street, call up Herb Cerwin, Monterey 3111, for an appointment.

WARNING TO A FEW DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS

If you are a CYMBAL subscriber and your stencil, up on the left-hand corner of this page, reads "6-37", and a gentle little reminder is tipped onto Page 3 inside, you are not going to receive the next issue of THE CYMBAL unless—

First, and preferable, you send us One Dollar between now and next Thursday evening in payment for another year, or

Second, and acceptable, you notify us by mail or telephone that dollars are a bit short with you just now, but to continue your subscription and send you a bill. In that case we'll give you another month.

There is no other way to stave off the catastrophe of no CYMBAL for you next week, because

We meticulously adhere to the provisions of Section 162 of the Postal Laws and Regulations and these specifically declare that no newspaper may send free copies through the mail under the second-class mailing rate.

Of course, we realize that keeping THE CYMBAL from you is like

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL MUSIC PROJECT WILL CLOSE DOWN

Carmel's music project, under the WPA, has been ordered closed as of June 30.

Bernard Gallery, who has been superintendent since June 11, when Miss Dene Denny's resignation took effect, has been so notified by the state director in the following manner, to wit:

Mr. Bernard Gallery, Supervisor Federal Music Project Dolores Between 8th & 9th Carmel, California
Dear Mr. Gallery:

It is with the deepest regret that I have to inform you that, in accordance with instructions from Washington, the Federal Music Project in Carmel will be discontinued, effective June 30, 1937. Therefore, will you please advise all workers under your supervision that their present employment will cease on that date.

Please confer with the District Employment Office, and do everything you can to facilitate the transfer of these workers to other WPA work, for which they may be best suited.

You will please immediately cancel all engagements scheduled beyond June 30, 1937.

I wish to express to you and the workers under your supervision my deep appreciation for the splendid efforts which all of you have put forth, to make the Federal Music Project a success, and my keen disappointment over the fact that circumstances do not permit the continuance of the project in Carmel.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Harle Jervis
State Director
Federal Music Project
June 16, 1937

Gallery says that of the 15 workers on the project, six of them have been placed in recreational projects, and the others are endeavoring to get into private channels of the profession or art.

Gallery, himself, is not certain just which way he will turn right now, but it will in all probability be in the music direction.

It is understood that 635 workers on music projects throughout the state are being dropped because of the reduction in funds available.

The Carmel project was started March 3 of last year.

Two Injured In Monte Verde Street Crash

Four times the siren from the firehouse blew yesterday between 2 o'clock in the afternoon and 10:30 in the evening. Once for the regular meeting of the volunteer firemen, twice for small fires, one a brush fire in Hatton Fields and the other spontaneous combustion of painters' rags in the new Leidig building at San Carlos and Ocean avenue.

The fourth alarm came in at about 6:30 last evening for rescue work in an automobile wreck at

(Continued on Page Four)

POST OFFICE UP ANOTHER RUNG IN RECEIPTS

Again the Carmel post office moves up in the total receipts column.

Although the quarter ending June 30 has not quite ended, as you readily can see, the total so far is \$8,696, which is about \$500 more than the last quarter. Of course, the next two quarters, ending in September and December respectively, will be higher than the first two in the year, as is natural, summer drawing as it does, and Christmas being what it is. Last year these quarters did approximately \$10,150 each.

So, assuming that they will increase this year, you will have about \$22,000 for them, about \$9,000 for this quarter now ending, and you did have \$8,214 for the first quarter. Total is \$39,214, which will be somewhere around the figure for the year 1937.

Last year the total was \$36,548.76.

See the point? And, remember this, \$40,000 shoots us up into the highest bracket in second-class rating, which means something in the matter of annual stipend to the postmaster, who is Irene Cator, and the assistant postmaster, who is John L. Nye.

At Least, They Have on Record We Want New Post Office

Reading the lines, or between the lines, you can't arrive at the conclusion that the following letter from the fourth assistant postmaster general to Shelburn Robison, president of the Carmel Business Association, indicates the erection of a post office building here within the next fortnight. In fact, the letter is not very encouraging. It says a lot, but after you've read it, you get the idea that it doesn't say anything at all. It's much like the reply given to an applicant for a job: "Give us your name and address and we'll put them on file." Mr. S. W. Purdum, fourth assistant postmaster general, in the following manner informs us that the United States Post Office Department is cognizant of the fact that Carmel would like to have a federal building:

Mr. Shelburn Robison,
Box 1686,
Carmel, California

My dear Mr. Robison:

This is to acknowledge receipt of your letter dated June 9, 1937, addressed to the Postmaster General, submitting a resolution adopted by the City Council of the City of Carmel, resolution passed by the Carmel Business Association, and a petition signed by residents of the city; also a letter from Mr. Argyll Campbell, about the construction of a Government-owned building in your city.

This was one of the places included
(Continued on Page Ten)

Elizabeth Niles and her mother, Mrs. A. M. Niles, took last weekend off and enjoyed the scenery around Peter Pan Lodge in Carmel Highlands.

Carmel's Road To Roam and Hollywood Is Open Sunday

The last bit of coastal wilderness bows to the machine of progress.

The big day is finally on us. The San Simeon Highway will open Sunday with a bang. Governor Frank F. Merriam is driving up from the other end of the road to set off the bang at 2:30 o'clock, but the noise that started this whole road will be dramatized in a pageant before a group of jubilant celebrators at Big Sur at 2 o'clock Sunday. Going backwards in the program of events all the above will be preceded by a barbecue of gargantuan proportions, all under the watchful eye of W. J. Crabbe, committee chairman.

The pageant, written by Crabbe, will be read over a loud speaker guaranteed to drown the fog horn at the Lighthouse. It will tell the story of the coast from Father Neptune and the early Indians, through the explorers Viscaino, Portola, Anza, Vancouver and Figueroa to Larkin and Colton of early Monterey and down on to Senator Rigdon and Dr. J. L. D. Roberts, the modern visionary who is seeing the thing through and will be there to see his dreams come true. Modern players in the great drama who will act their parts in person are the engineers and workmen—Lester H. Gibson, chief engineer; Charles H. Purcell, state highway engineer; Earl Lee Kelly, director of the department of public works; Senator Ed Tickle of this district, and Governor Merriam, who will officiate.

The fight of man against nature which has been waged to complete the San Simeon Highway has been a long and hard one. A will, awe-inspiring ruggedness will always characterize that stretch of coast,

but it must have been both terrible and beautiful indeed when Dr. Roberts journeyed by foot in 1897 from San Simeon to Monterey, carefully sketching each bay and inlet, each peak and canyon along the way. He took five days to do that and it has taken 40 years for the dreams he put on little scraps of paper to come through. At that early time he received aid from old Mr. Shephard of the Pacific Improvement Company, figuring that a road could be put through at the cost of \$50,000, a small drop in the bucket compared to the final total of \$20,000,000. Each was to pay half, but Roberts was unable to raise his share and the deal fell by the wayside, until in 1915 when Roberts brought his theme song to Sacramento and with the aid of Senator Rigdon and three days talking forced through an appropriation for the highway into a forty-million-dollar bond issue. The bond issue carried after much time and effort. But opposition in the persons of Governor Friend W. Richardson and Highway Commissioner Harvey Toy held up the road again.

In the past five years or so things have run smoothly except for old man weather and Father Neptune and Dame Nature who have all taken a crack at the project as conscientious objectors.

The ghost of Big Sur and down-coast will hover over the proceedings on Sunday. Roads must be built and people will and must travel. The San Simeon, besides being a protective measure for the very ill-fortified Pacific Coast, will be one of the most beautiful highways in the world.

Legion Club Invites You To Celebrate Fourth of July With It at Mission Club

We don't know who's getting fantastic in this American Legion bunch, but whoever he is, he has the publicity angle down reasonably well. Take, for example, this announcement of the Fourth of July barbecue and celebration of the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, to take place at the Mission Ranch Club a week from this Sunday, which also happens to be the said Fourth.

It starts: "Different Again An Artistic Barbecue."

Forsooth! Who ever heard of an "artistic" barbecue? More important, who wants to eat an "artistic" barbecue?

However, according to Byington Ford who is to be master of ceremonies, it will actually be the biggest thing of its kind or, to quote him verbatim, "of any kind" ever to be staged within the Carmel area.

There will be games, entertainment, frolic—to quote the quarter-

card announcement again. There will be tennis and badminton tournaments. There will be boxing, soft ball games "and many other entertaining features". There will be "horse" races and dancing. Above all, there will be good food and mixed drinks (we don't understand this last item) and, which is far beside the point, there will be an admittance charge of 75 cents per person. Ladies will not be free (will not be admitted free, we mean), and gentlemen need not wear either afternoon or evening clothes—just clothes.

The celebration, the entertainment, the gambols, the frolicking, the eating and drinking are to be staged by the American Legion Club of Carmel, with their ladies assisting, and under the sponsorship of the Mission Ranch Club, and with its material succor.

What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? No! The Cymbal.

snatching the bread and milk out from under your suspended spoon, but—it's up to you.

AND SPEAKING OF THIS ROMANCE OF CIRCULATION

You may be interested to know that since last December 4 we have received new, paid subscriptions to the exact total of 243, making a total of paid subscribers, as of last week's issue, 507.

Our newsstand sales in Carmel have increased from 92 on December 4 to 181 last week.

This means a total paid circulation, as of last week, of 688.

The press run of THE CYMBAL last week was 900, divided as follows:

Carmel Paid Subscribers	374
Carmel Newsstand Sales	135
Carmel Street Sales	46
Outside Paid Subscribers	133
Total, paid circulation	688
Production spoilage	11
Advertisers' Copies	62
Returned from newsstands	26
Sample copies	25
Advertising solicitor's copies	10
Outside newsstands	15
Dog Spoilage on Newsstands	6
Office files	7
Back-Number reservoir	20
Office use, clipping, etc.	9
God knows where they went	21
Total	900

In his *Peninsula Herald* on February 18 of this year, commenting on what he called the "gratuitous" statements of the *Pine Cone* regarding its circulation in Carmel, Allen Griffin said:

"Loose and inaccurate statements about circulation are discreditable to newspaper integrity and to publishers, and are dishonest in dealing with advertisers. Advertisers don't buy space; they buy circulation."

Mr. Griffin made no charge or implication of "loose and inaccurate statements about circulation" against THE CYMBAL. He knew that we were giving our figures on circulation weekly, and he knew that we would not do that and be "loose and inaccurate" about them. We offered, as we offer now, our books for investigation by anyone.

And so, with an eye on Griffin's statement and subscribing to it, we declare that the Carmel paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week, including paid subscribers, newsstand sales and street sales, was 555.

Also, with an eye to Griffin's statement, we say that this paid circulation is more than 150 in excess of the paid circulation of the *Pine Cone* in Carmel.

This excess is principally, almost all, in paid subscriptions.

In other words, THE CYMBAL goes into 150 boxes in the Carmel post office which the *Pine Cone* does not enter.

The Purity Stores, and Kip's Food Center, therefore, with a business acumen that is considerably doubtful, missed just about 150 post office boxes when they selected the *Pine Cone* exclusively in Carmel for their advertising two weeks ago and last week. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Griffin's statement: "Advertisers don't buy circulation" doesn't apply to these two institutions of food dissemination.

And 150 post office boxes mean, if you figure it, about 500 readers.

We have had no explanation from the Purity of their unbusinesslike action, but from Mr. Kip Silvey we have received a reply to our "how come?" Mr. Silvey explains to us that after an investigation he has discovered that "THE CYMBAL hasn't the reader interest that the *Pine Cone* has."

Well, in that case, all we can do

is to keep on trying. Don't cry, Virginia and Lynda and Libby and Jessie and Frank—all we can do is to keep on trying.

—W. K. B.

Now This Slevini Goes Nautical

We get a note from Mr. Slevini. It reads: "I have an idea that may increase circulation—start a fashion column. If you drop in before an article of clothing loses its pristine condition, I'll demonstrate the idea to you.—L. S. S."

The note was clip-clipped to THE CYMBAL rack out in front of Mr. Slevini's store. We went in. He greeted us effusively. Right off the bat, or the bowsprit, he demanded to know if we knew the proper light for the opposite of starboard. We did. "Green," we enunciated clearly. "Right," he said, meaning left, and tossed back his port leg to prove something. There was his sock—green. Re-instating the port leg, he flipped back the starboard. The sock was a bright red, as bright as the other was green.

Much to the disgust of Ruth Young, who witnessed the greeting, the questionnaire and the fashion display, we learned that these port and starboard socks go down to the stationery store on Slevini about once during every month when the family wash gets around to them.

It's something nautical in Slevini's blood that does it. It's perhaps pathological. Anyway, it's rather funny. They are so very bright green and bright red. And he always gets 'em on the proper foot.

DICK BARE PACKS 'EM IN FOR 'ELEPHANT BOY'

There should be a note about the fact that one Dick Bare, manager and lessee of the Filmarte, has broken all records for attendance since the theater started showing motion pictures as a regular program.

"Elephant Boy" did it—crowded them in for four nights, requiring that Bare repeat it for four more, which he did to the enjoyment of more crowded houses.

The thing is not only a credit to Bare, but a credit to the community which will write "success" in large, bold letters over a film that doesn't so much as hint at such a thing as sex or Hollywood triangular love.

The Carmel Realty Company has got a hair-cut.

In the absence of By Ford, the boss, in San Francisco, Jack Schroeder, Corum Jackson and Hap Hasty got sheared all in the same hour, and on the company's time. Vere Basham has made a note of it in her books, and it is possible that it will cost the trio more than the aggregate cost of the shearing.

If you find a dog collar with a Santa Rosa license attached thereto, return it to Carmel Inn and be thanked. We gratuitously publish this "lost ad" as an expression of tribute to the person who had the nerve to print it out and fasten it securely with thumbtacks directly under and adjoining the central letterdrop in the post office this past week.

RENTALS AND REPAIRING of All Typewriters

PENINSULA TYPEWRITER
EXCHANGE Office Supplies
Fritz T. Wurmann, Manager
371 Alvarado • Phone 3794

After My Last Fight I Went Up, Up, Up Into the High, High Mountains

If you've never ridden a horse steadily for four hours after having been emphatically and completely off a horse for eleven years, two months and six days, what can you understand of this jaunt of mine two week-ends ago come Saturday?

If you've never seen an American lad, born the week Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic, and who had NEVER before been on a horse, ride for a steady four hours in the saddle, what can you understand of my re-actions to it?

If you've never seen a perfectly swell wife—but that's out. Let her tell her side of it—she writes better than I do, anyway.

If you've never seen California mountains roll out before and below you like a rumpled rug for indeterminate miles—

If you've never bounced and slithered down deep into canyons, crept and jolted up high on hills, hung precariously on narrow, crumbling trails, been blinded by unscreened suns on the hour and peered into the darkness of umbrageous redwoods on the quarter—

If you've never known Buck and Kitty and Texas and Blaze and Cavalry—

If you've never known Mary—Or Floyd—

Or D. T. MacDougal—

What CAN you understand of my trip into the Santa Lucias just after my last fight?

Mary, with her dirty-white and slender legs, walked the trail as a lady should, bearing the traditional burden of the weaker sex swaying from side to side on her broad mule back. Cavalry shield and menaced the safety of the trail. Texas, boy-ridden, sulked on the down grades and the level, and trotted the climbs. Kitty, bearing the precious load, maintained the dignity and safety of her responsibility. Buck pranced down the slopes to my personal anguish. Ahead, calmly, certainly and convincingly, marched Blaze with one of the world's ranking botanists on her back.

Then the parade of road, of trees, of canyons, of hills, of mountains, of fords beneath the blue, white tent of the Lord God Almighty.

Between the going and the coming back there were live fish and fried ones, bacon, oatmeal, boiled potatoes, apricot jam, small beets, cube steaks, Camels, oats in pails, loosened tethers, whinnies, stamps, sharp shadows, piercing sun rays, four different wildflowers within the space of fourteen square inches, redwoods broader than breadth and higher than height, madrones, mountain maples, singing water,

bear tracks, hoots of owls—all painted against the backgrounds, now of shimmering sky, now of a black void, and to the music of murmuring and creeping things.

But if you haven't seen it, and heard it and felt it, God knows I can't make you understand. I can only give you this dim idea of it all.

It was a swell get-away—after my last fight.

—W. K. B.

We quote a few lines from a letter from John Steinbeck, dated June 1, from Copenhagen. Both John and Carol are quite homesick, but they pause in their yearnings to make some comments about Denmark and the Danes:

"There are no bums here. Not a one. Everyone is well or adequately dressed. That philosophy, which dictates that a man consider very carefully before he works, is not present. Here, they work and think afterward. The result is that lots of work gets done, whereas in our country lots of thinking gets done. It just depends on which you prefer. And I know my preference.

"An amazing country... So neat! In the country, it all looks

like the scenes in those eggs you look into and the storks really are on the roofs..."

The Steinbecks will be back in this country in August, with a trip to Russia sandwiched in between.

Mrs. Frederick Blanchard and Adelaide Bartelme of Carmel Highlands have gone to Newago, Michigan, for the summer.

YES! THIS IS OUR REGULAR SERVICE



MOTHPROOFS
CARMEL CLEANERS
Dolores Street • Tel. 242

There's No Additional Charge for Carmel Service • Radios for Rent

Guaranteed Radio Service

RAY'S 755 Lighthouse Ave., Monterey • Telephone 4806

Guard your health!

Increase your vitality!

with a European Massage

IDA HANKE
La Giralda Building
Room 7 • Phone 832

FRESH VEGETABLES

FRESH DRESSED POULTRY

From Our Ranch

Broilers and Fryers, per pound 31c

Hens, per pound.....22c

Open Sunday Morning

SUN DECK POULTRY MARKET

Seventh Street Opposite Railway Express • Telephone Carmel 649

Mr. and Mrs. M. Barbier

Dining Room Now Open

Hotel La Ribera

Lincoln at Seventh, Carmel

Telephone 800

Breakfast + Luncheon + Dinner

Bridge Luncheons and Dinner Parties

Given Special Attention

H. C. Overin, Manager

"Tatters" Will Be Repeated For Five Nights

"Tatters" is coming back again. "Tatters" is coming back again. Having exhausted both breath and fingernails talking and typing about "Tatters" when it first re-opened the First Theater in Monterey, we are just dizzy enough to go back and see that show over again for five nights running.

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, after bombarding the state department with letters and telegrams, have succeeded in getting the First Theater for the nights of July 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. The cast is back rehearsing. The Los Angeles members of the group were sitting on their trunks just waiting for the word which would tell them that the "curfew shall not ring tonight" or that they could tear up the mortgage and bring home the child.

Galt Bell, that maestro of the mellerdrummer and the olio, who directed "The Drunkard", will again steer the course of true love and villainy in the right direction. The cast remains practically the same, with Mary Marble as Tatters, Blackie O'Neal as Major Timberlake, Gordon Knoles as the half-breed hero, Robert Ferris, Betty Moorhouse as Mrs. Major Timberlake, Lillian Collins as the dusky Mose Lilyblossom, Manuela Hudson as Clementina. Robert Bratt and Dave Davis play two squatters and Rex Flaherty, the sheriff. The deep-dyed villain Phil Dolan, (the dirty rat) will be played by the only new member of the cast, that experienced P. G. & E. manager (no adv.) and actor, Lloyd Weer. Hiss 'im, boys, he's a mean one!

The olio, or after-show, will have several new features besides the elegant recitations of Ruth Marion and tenor solos of Robert Bratt. Connie Clappett will sing another refined song, presented in the manner of Anna Held, entitled "Madame from Paris". Betty Carr will do a waltz clog. Ruth Marion and Robert Bratt have another surprise for the audience which is guaranteed to lay them in the aisles. And, of course, Blackie O'Neal will again conduct the singing school, accompanied by Norman McNeil on the accordion. Oh, it's a swell show, don't miss it. —V. S.

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HARRY AND GEORGE HAVE FINISHED AUCOURT BLDG.

Harry and George Aucourt have about completed their nifty little two-shop building on Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue. It is an attractive structure, possessing among other prize features, a roof the like of which is nowhere else to be seen in Carmel—yet. It is called Pioneer Roofing, if that means anything to you, but it is blue, a deep, attractive blue. The two shops are each 17 by 20 feet in area, and each with rear storerooms of 10 by 17 feet. As to the roof again, M. J. Murphy, who spread it, says that since so doing he has had other people ask for the same, thank you.

+CORNER

Monterey's Smart New COCKTAIL LOUNGE

for the place to meet... and a real treat!

Corner of Tyler Street and Del Monte Avenue

THE+

Pacific Grove Open-House Celebration Will Be Started This Evening

Sports events and beach entertainment will mark Pacific Grove's fourth annual Open House celebration, which starts tonight with two softball games in the ball park and will continue through tomorrow and Sunday.

Tonight, the Stockton Girls' softball team, 1936 P. A. A. champions, will meet the Holman Girls of Pacific Grove. Following their game, two ends of the new Carmel-San Simeon Highway will meet on the diamond when the San Luis Obispo club plays the Pacific Grove "A" team.

Saturday and Sunday afternoons will feature swimming and diving events and contests at the pool. Frank McGuigan, All-American Interscholastic champion, Tom Booth, former intercollegiate champion, Helen Crenkovich, national junior champion, and other members of the Olympic and Fairmont Clubs of San Francisco will be on the exhibition card.

Freddie Nagel and his Hotel Del Monte orchestra will background the beach entertainment Saturday evening. The Ruth Austin dancers, vaudeville acts and comedy numbers will comprise the show.

At 8:30 p.m. the bathing beauty parade will begin, followed by se-

lection of the "Queen of the Beach" who will be crowned later in the evening at a Grand Ball, free to all, in the high school gymnasium.

The Feast of Lanterns, in which scores of gaily lighted boats parade on Monterey Bay will begin at 9:15 p.m. Throughout the parade fireworks will be shot aloft from a barge anchored on the Bay.

Sunday afternoon will bring a diving competition between the Olympic and Fairmont Clubs and a treasure hunt on the beach for children.

Outdoor vesper services will be held at 4:15 p. m. at Lovers' Point and on the beach under the direction of the Peninsula Young People's Federation. There will be special music and group singing.

The three-day festa will end Sunday evening when the San Mateo girls' softball team meets the Holman girls and the Merced Wardrobes play Pacific Grove.

Free swimming, dancing, golf, a hole-in-one tournament, tennis, admission to the beach events and to the Seventeen Mile Drive may be secured by visitors by applying for complimentary tickets at Chamber of Commerce.

MARY C. TOWNSEND DIES AT HOME OF F. O. ROBBINS, HER BROTHER-IN-LAW

A forty-five year old friendship between brother and sister-in-law ended last Wednesday with the death of Mary C. Townsend, at the home of her brother-in-law, Fred O. Robbins, on Dolores street in Carmel. Miss Townsend, who was 68, was a nurse by profession, and her circle of friends extended to all parts of the world. She came from the East to make her home with her sister, Mrs. Fred Robbins, 45 years ago.

Funeral services will be conducted by the Rev. Carel Hulsewe at All Saints Church at 10 o'clock this morning. Friends are invited to attend.

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Mrs. Mary Christensen, Carmel resident for the past 12 years, died last Monday at a local hospital. Mrs. Christensen, who was 79 years old, leaves a daughter, Mrs. Anna M. Billinger of Carmel, two grandchildren and two great-grandchildren in Pasadena.

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Dr. and T. Grant Phillips received a short visit from Mrs. Phillips' brother, John Taylor, and his new bride, this last week. The new Mrs. Taylor was formerly in the State Employment Office.

BOOK EXHIBIT THIS WEEK HAS RECREATION THEME

The Book Exhibit of the Carmel Library this week, in the windows of the Fee building, next door to the library, was by request. Only this time it wasn't a local request, but made by the Governor of the State, one Frank Merriam, we believe. The theme of the windows is recreation and it is just a part of the state-wide celebration of Recreation Week, June 21 to 27. Most of the books refer to outdoor recreation, such as hiking, fishing, nature study, games and travel. Next week Elizabeth Niles, librarian, plans to show a group of the new books in the library.

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MISSION RANCH POOL MAY BE READY FOR FOURTH

The ole swimmin' pool which is being constructed at the Mission Ranch Club may or may not be ready for the Fourth of July crowds. According to John O'Donnell, the manager of the Club, you have to take the water out before you can put it in and it all takes time. And imagination, too, we would think. But the pool is built quite close to the Carmel River and the water seepage makes it necessary to man the pumps before the cement can be poured.

McCREERY SELLS INSURANCE, AND, TOO, HE SELLS INNS

In the sale of the Inn to Mrs. Sampson there is a sidelight on how big deals are made in Carmel.

The time is last week, the setting is the Carmel branch of the Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank on Dolores street. The principals are Miss Gussie Meyer, owner of Normandy Inn, and P. A. McCreery, whose specialization is insurance.

Miss Meyer is tired. She has worked hard and successfully for years bringing the standard of the Inn up to the point where it has been one of the famous eating places of the Peninsula. Miss Meyer is not only tired, but on this particular day last week she wasn't feeling so well.

She is standing at the central desk in the bank. On the other side of the desk is McCreery.

"I'd sell Normandy Inn for two cents this morning," she said to McCreery.

"Do you mean you really would sell it?" asked Mac.

"I certainly do," Miss Meyer replied.

"I'll sell it for you in 24 hours," countered Mac, and departed the place where he was to a place in the vicinity of Mrs. Mabel Sampson.

And in 24 hours he had sold Normandy Inn for Miss Meyer and to Mrs. Sampson—just like that!

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Two-car families in Carmel take two Cymbals. And for the same reason.

Old Timers Bore New Firemen Into Sleep

Carmel's original and never-say-die firemen bored the younger and newer members to death a week ago Thursday night in retaliation for a dinner served them of baked ham, candied sweet potatoes, string beans, ice cream and coffee. They told the tenderfeet all about fighting conflagrations in the old days when there was nothing in Carmel much to burn. They told about bucket brigades, and the old hand pumper, and short hose, and no water pressure, until Charlie Guth, Billy France, Fred Mylar, Paul Funchess, and the rest of the present-day fire eaters went to sleep and left them talking to themselves. The tall-tale-tellers, guests of honor at Old Timers Night, included Ben Wetzel, Ed Kaiser, Everett Littlefield, Bill Overstreet, Harry Cummings, Jesse Nichols, Rudy Ohms, Court Arne, J. E. McEldowney, Ed Warren and the ubiquitous Pon Chung. Paul Mercurio and Bob Leidig are said to have stayed half awake and kidded the old codgers into thinking their stuff was good.

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K. D. Mathiot of the Rancho Carmelo has taken a party on a pack trip for the week to Big Pine and Pine Valley.

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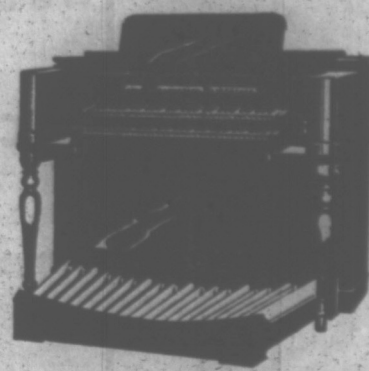
The Jack O'Neils of Fresno will spend the next few months in Carmel. They have taken the Nelson Cottage on San Antonio street.

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SPROUSE-REITZ STORES

A Western Organization

The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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E. A. H. Watson & A. Porter Halsey
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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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June 25, 1937

The Cymbal is on sale at
Del Monte Hotel newstand,
Palace Drug Co., Monterey.
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Red Cross Signs Contract For Ambulance

After investigation in the ambulance field, the ambulance committee of Carmel Red Cross decided upon the type of car that would best fit the needs of this territory. A contract was signed Thursday with Burkey and Whitaker of Oakland to furnish a completely-equipped ambulance. The Robley Company of Monterey will furnish the chassis and Oldsmobile engine. Delivery will be made within 30 days.

Col. T. B. Taylor, chairman of the committee, and C. W. Lee, chapter chairman, spent some time in the bay district last week, visiting receiving hospitals and looking over many types of ambulances.

About \$100 is needed to complete the fund and any amount will be gladly received at Red Cross headquarters or through our two banks.

++

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Two Injured In Monte Verde Street Crash

(Continued from Page One)

the corner of Monte Verde and Fourth streets. A truck owned by General Foods, and driven by Ray Bierman of Monterey, crashed into a parked car owned by Mrs. Hilda Reese and then careened wildly for 100 yards and struck an oak tree.

With Bierman in the truck was Steve Stevens of Watsonville who was badly cut and shaken by the crash. Inspection of the car shows half of the windshield smashed by Stevens' face and the seat jammed forward within a foot of the instrument board.

Stevens was taken to Dr. John R. Gray who sewed up cuts in his face, chin, cheek-bones and top of his head. Bierman, who was unconscious when the police and fire trucks reached the scene, was taken to the Community Hospital but later revived and appeared to be uninjured. He was booked by the police on a charge of drunken driving. Stevens was released without charge.

++

Eric W. Coster, who has been handing out the glad tidings about the Del Monte Hotel and the Monterey Peninsula for the past two years, will throw the last bit of copy in the basket and make his last frantic phone call to stop presses for something or other, a week from Monday, July 5. Eric is going South and then he is going East, and we gather that for a little while now the going part of it will be the most important. You can't keep these Irishmen any one place for any length of time. Eric came from Ireland in 1928 and worked successively and successfully on the San Francisco Chronicle and Examiner. In 1934 he took a fleeting glimpse at the Emerald Isle again and came scurrying back to this country. He has been assistant promotion manager under Herb Cerwin at Del Monte and has been and is living down on Carmel Point.

Best of luck and all that from the staff of THE CYMBAL, Eric!

We'll Send

THE CYMBAL

Anywhere

For You

For \$1 a Year

PASTOR BODLEY AND FAMILY ON VACATION

Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor of the Carmel Community Church, and his family, left this week for the pastor's two weeks' vacation. They will divide their pleasures between Palo Alto and the Yosemite Valley. During Mr. Bodley's absence the local pulpit will be filled by Rev. John L. Burcham, district manager of the San Francisco district of the Methodist Church, who, with Mrs. Burcham, will occupy the Bodley house while here.

++

DICK MASTENS DEPART FOR OREGON RANCHERINO

The Richard Mastens—man, wife and children—have departed for their Columbia River ranch for the summer. Dick, who is recovered from his broken collarbone accident, informs us that the place is at Camas, about 18 miles from Portland, and is precisely not a dude establishment in any sense of the word. Horses, yes, but they work on the place. As for what grows on it, there is something called "kax in find", a sort of an animal fodder.

++

SEEMS TO BE A SILLY THING TO BRAG ABOUT

"We have Philadelphia Scrapple," announces Ed Ewig by way of a roughly-executed window card. So what? You have Iola Nichols, too. We don't see any sign in the window about that. What in 'ell is this Philadelphia Scrapple, anyway?

++

Mrs. Vera Peck Millis leaves Carmel Sunday for the start of her European tour. She will stop at Mills College for part of the Institute of International Relations. Her tramp steamer sails July 6 from San Francisco. Mrs. Millis will be accompanied by Mrs. Richardson Lucas on her trip.

+

Rev. and Mrs. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., entertained last Monday evening at their home in Carmel for Margaret Price and Mildred Main of Los Angeles.

+

Virginia and Remo Scardigli entertained a group of friends for dinner at their home in Pacific Grove last Tuesday night. The guests included Amelie Waldo, Ed Ricketts, and Ed., Jr., Ben Shafer, Wolo and Edmund Cornwall.

+

Stanton Delaplane, on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, made use of an extra day's vacation to come down to Carmel to visit Ben Shafer in Pacific Grove and Whitney's on Ocean avenue here.

+

Alan Campbell writes from Florence that he is homesick in spite of the fact that he is surrounded with all the music he wants and has recently given a successful concert, with good reviews from the Italian critics. Alan expects to be back in Carmel in the fall.

+

Joseph Allen, state supervisor of the Federal Art. Project was in town yesterday for a short conference with Burton Boundey, local project supervisor.

Jacqueline and Joan Fauntleroy, children of the late Dorothy Fauntleroy of Carmel, are making their home with their father, Colonel Cedric Fauntleroy, in Salem, N. H.

+

Peggy Mathiot is taking a summer Chautauqua course and plans to visit relatives in Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania as a major part of her summer activities.

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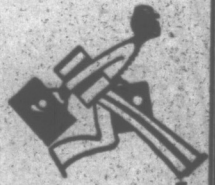
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Ho HUM... GUESS WHAT?

Heartily in accord with Carmel's enthusiastic disbelief for fanfare in advertising we quietly suggest that you might look into a two-day (Friday and Saturday) sale of our entire stock of fur trimmed coats for vacation and travel wear. The values are more or less stupendous...

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of

Furniture • Silver Lustres

has just arrived
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CLANGING CYMBALS



Not only were we born in New Hampshire, but we are inordinately proud of the fact. Fancy our state then, when a friend sent us the following clipping: "she asserted she had been a resident of the United States since 1886 'except for two years that she resided in New Hampshire.'" Fancy, we say.

A friend has written asking us how to care for a cat. We have looked Sir Thomas over; taken his temperature, which may be done either rectally or by pinching his ears or paws to see if they are unworriedly hot; his patella reflex (which is accomplished by tying the cat up to any old beam in the house and gently tapping his hind hocks, assuring yourself they spring. (We can practically guarantee their spring, especially in this position. In fact, the whole damned cat will probably spring and you were better off washing the kid's dummies, anyway.) Smelling his breath, which is done by giving him a soupçon of the nearest chloroform, prizing his mouth open with an oyster fork, and then—well, then just smelling; and checking him for fleas, which you can do by seeing if you itch, yourself.

This done, and satisfactorily, we feel we have a sane, normal, healthy cat and are therefore qualified to give our friend advice on how to care for him.

The care of the normal cat begins around 5:30 A. M. At this time after feeding and bathing, and powdering in the right places, Pussy may be placed in the basinet. If he stays there it will be because he is either dying or already dead, in either of which cases the garbage can will do as well.

Shortly after you have finished your own breakfast, he will be back after more for himself. You may give this to him or not, according to whether you got drunk last night.

If he is to be seen at noon, you have a sick cat. Or live in a place he can't get out of. In the latter case, for God's sake kill him before you go any further.

But along toward dinner time, watch everything. Watch the salad makings on the drain board. He's thirsty by now. Watch your socks. He's been out pawing at things all day and the ungulate beast likes his nails smooth. Watch that frying chicken you've put on the lower shelf of the ice box.

But you have to answer the telephone. Now what did we tell you? There is Pussy, looking very happy, to be sure. All right, you get the hamburger.

When you have settled down for the evening, don't entertain any hopes of reading the newspaper, or annotating that book you must have reviewed by tomorrow. As for the newspaper, he's agin 'em—and against you, flat against you, treading on the paper; as to the book, Pussy will gladly annotate that for you.

Suddenly, just as you think you have him settled in your lap, up he will spring at the moth in the center of the ceiling. The house then becomes an equivocal madhouse. There goes the picture of your first wife, just where you've been wanting it for years, off comes Aunt Beanie's antimacassar, an act of pure altruism; swift go all last month's bills into the waste basket,

a gesture not without its symbolism. Down come one of the Ming vases. Damn his yellow (maltese, tiger, black, whitish, hybrid, bastard) hide!

By this time Pussy is not to be found. About three in the morning you feel him stealing up onto your bed. You kick out viciously hearing, in a contemptible ecstasy, his thud against the bureau drawers. In five minutes he does it again.

This time you get up and light a cigarette. There on the bed is a little ball of (maltese, tiger, black, hybrid, white) fur. His nose is tucked under his paws and his tail between his legs. He undulates placidly, twitching in his sleep. When you touch him, he starts the purr going and rolls slightly over to be smoothed in the belly. Damn cat.

It has been our pleasure and privilege to have had the opportunity of writing for tomorrow's special edition of the Monterey Peninsula Herald—an edition dedicated to the opening of the new road—an article on the relationship of Robinson Jeffers to the Carmel and Point Sur country.

The job has been delightful. In the first place, we had a chance to meet Allen Griffin, editor of the Herald, to whom we were more or less loaned, like an egg or a piece of butter the size of a walnut, by our own editor. That, alone, was worth more than we can easily express here.

The next thing was a so-called "interview" with Robinson Jeffers himself. That will be in tomorrow's story. We still wonder how one "interviews" that man. As for us, we sat and chatted casually about this and that. If ever there was a house with an atmosphere of simple friendliness, Tor House is that one. Una showed us her Hawk Tower and sat down at the melodeon and played some little tunes for us—lovely old things. Robin said, "Perhaps Lynda would like to see these," and got out some snapshots. We do believe that if it had been raining and Robin unable to work on his new stone room, we'd all have sat down and looked at the family album and compared grandfathers.

We confess to a feeling for Mr. Jeffers and his work that we have about no other living writer. For that matter, for few others who ever lived. And we do confess that while we sat chatting there, we watched the fine face out of which so much sweat must have come from work harder than most of us have any knowledge of. Not the easy perspiration that comes of building stone houses, but the hard-forged, thin drops that come from forging lines like these:

... It is likely the enormous Beauty of the world requires for completion our ghostly increment,

It has to dream, and dream badly, a moment of its night.

• • • • •

... the nations labor and gather and dissolve

Into destruction: the stars sharpen their spirit of splendor, and then it dims, and the stars

Darken: and the spirit of man Sharpens up to maturity and cools dull

With age, dies and rusts out of service:

And all these tidal gatherings, growth and decay, Shining and darkening, are forever Renewed . . .

Long before the subject of Jeffers

and his relationship with the Point Sur country came up in this connection, we began exploring the hills around. One of our favorite walks is up Malpaso Canyon. You can park your car just this side of the cement bridge and cut up a little to the left until you reach the old road, and then you can walk miles—or a mile—and you are in another world. Such a beautiful world. The hills crowd in around you as if they wanted to talk—yet aloof giants for all that and fired with all the colors and all the significances. You've really no idea what a simple thing it is and how fine a thing to do.

Then there is the walk up to the lime kilns, up Mill Creek. The beauty, the beauty!

Now, after re-reading all the Jeffers books with especial reference to our own little edge of the world, we cannot help but feel that in some way, we have a new baptism—of fire, of plenitude, of incalculable increase in ourself. Once more in our life, we have found the great sustaining force outside ourself which is so hard to know. We have seen him in the sunstruck mountains, changing at noon; we have recognized him standing by a ranch house door, leaning at evening, sore distressed at his world, unable to make it other than it is except for some small and momentary extension of himself across it;

we have seen him panting up the stern dark gorges and thrashing at the rocks. And always, when we come away from either the poems or the country, we can say with Onorio Vasquez:

I saw God at Point Sur Flaming about this time yesterday.

—LYNDA SARGENT

• • •

BETH INGELS GETS OUT CARMEL BOOK AGAIN

Beth Ingels has gotten her Carmel booklet out again this year. It contains a list of householders in Carmel, a map of the city and a sufficient amount of ad, we hope, to have paid Beth for her leg work in gathering them. The map, with all due credit to H. D. Severance, C. E., whose name appears on it, is the same old inaccurate-to-actuality map. It shoots streets such as Junipero, San Carlos, Mission and Lincoln right straight across the city with a penman's clarity that brooks no hindrances. But try to traverse those streets, according to the map, and see where you end up—or down. It will mostly be down—in nice muddy gullies in winter, and equally nice dusty ones in summer. We had a visiting friend who tried to shoot straight along North Mission street to find us at Alta. We haven't seen him yet and that was three years ago.

New Toll House Goes Adobe

Now the Del Monte Properties Company has gone adobe.

The toll house, at the Seventeen Mile Drive gate, atop of Carmel Hill, is to be made of the Comstock product as fitting material for a well-located monument to early Monterey architecture.

Bob Stanton is the architect of the new structure. The ground floor has about been completed. The bitudobe bricks are already on the ground. The walls will be rising as we go to press. It ought to look pretty good.

The reception room, whatever that may mean in a toll house, will have whitewashed adobe walls with a beamed ceiling. Over the big Monterey fireplace will be decorative work by Jo Mora.

• • •

MICHEL PENHA WILL DIRECT REHEARSALS THIS WEEK-END

Bach Festival rehearsals will be directed by the maestro, Michel Penha, this coming Sunday. The schedule, as announced, will go back to normal with choral in the afternoon at 2 o'clock and orchestra in the evening from 8 to 10 o'clock. Orchestra rehearsals are on Thursdays and Sundays and choral on Friday and Monday. Penha will start daily rehearsals on July 11.

In the Carmel Valley

Announcement

A new property is being opened in the Carmel Valley for people who want space, beauty, magnificent oak trees, dry air, sunshine, modern conveniences, privacy and acres for elbow room. More than that, this property is fair land—friendly ground that equally invites loafing and planting. It is "simpatico." • La Rancheria del Carmelo is located in the heart of the Carmel Valley. It is meadow land of deep soil and noble trees. It is bounded on the west by the Los Laureles road (Carmel Valley to Monterey-Salinas highway) and may be entered only from that side. • The properties opened for sale average 3 acres in size, although it is expected that most prospective home owners there will acquire two or more properties. It will be served only by a private road (now being constructed). "City water" electricity and telephones will also serve each holding. There will be no "development costs," so far as utilities are concerned, for people who choose to live in protected rural surroundings in the warmth of the Valley only 20 minutes (12 miles) from the heart of Carmel. • This land is carefully restricted so as to preserve the future integrity of its rural environment. Those that know the Carmel Valley well consider this the most beautiful land in that lovely and healthful valley. • If interested in Valley

properties for home purposes, ask to be shown

La Rancheria del Carmelo

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Some people can tell a story again and again and each time make it a little funnier. I can't, but I'll tell my story again because it did convulse a couple of innocent victims.

It goes like this:

For one more accustomed to foggy weather, cold or windy, on the Monterey Peninsula, in the city of Santa Cruz where I have my present abode, I was nearly overcome by a heat wave this week. So, leaving my office and plunging into the noon day smelter, I cast all caution and economy to the winds and forthwith bought four ice cream cones around the corner, hopped into my huge bus, easily the biggest in half a dozen counties, and started homeward.

Now a handful of four cones is hard enough to take care of, given one's undivided attention to this matter. But on the other hand was the President 8 roaring along the two and a half miles to home. Wouldn't the wife and kiddies enjoy those ice cream cones! I thought so, but no sooner had I got into the car than I knew I had erred somewhere, somewhere made a serious mistake.

First, it was extremely difficult to manage the cones with one hand. Also it was just as difficult to handle the car with the other, it being a gigantic Studebaker of the 1929 vintage.

Under way at last, and ready to climb hills, change gears, halt for a stop sign to go by, then swing left, all with one hand, I looked at the four cones of luscious ice cream. The heat wave was already doing its worst. A creamy trickle had started down the left hand edging over toward the wrist, headed, I knew, for my sleeve.

It became a race against time. The speedometer turned higher and higher, ice cream melted faster and faster, great dripping gobs moving like a glacier downward, and sweat began to bedeck the lofty brow.

Suddenly it occurred to me that it might be necessary to make a signal for a left hand turn, ice cream cones withal, and the affair turned from a sober and determined battle against time and melting ice cream, into something verging on the ironic.

No matter how fast I drove. I could not win. It was impossible now to throw away those awful cones. They would look shameful lying flat and dissipated upon the streets of this fair city. Nor could I hang the guilty hand over the side of the car to let the drip descend outside. It definitely wasn't done. So drip, drip, drip, the ice cream melted and fell on to my best and only editorial trousers.

Two miles to go, one mile to go, half a mile to go, quarter of a mile to go, a furlong left, I was in sight of my goal, Home Sweet Home, at last. I let go the wheel, grabbed the brake, and collapsed.

When the wife and kiddies ran

out from the doorway, where they'd been waiting for papa to come home, they found in an old car what remained of the former Poet and Peasant, and what remained also of four rather generous helpings of ice cream, all slumped together on the seat.

+

I have just seen my first death sentence passed. The judge scarcely looked at the prisoner. It was the judge's death sentence. The prisoner stood quietly, unemotionally. When the judge had said, "and may God have mercy on your soul", the prisoner looked at his attorney and smiled. "What do we do now?" he asked.

It was all like machinery. Every one in the courtroom rising as the judge took his seat. Then sitting down. The prisoner and his attorney standing in front of the judge. The judge passing sentence. The awful, definite words. Then the prisoner smiles, his attorney enters an appeal, and meanwhile the prisoner lights a cigarette. Every one is embarrassed except the prisoner, his attorney, the district attorney and the sheriff. The judge and the spectators don't know just what to do. When it's over, they don't know when to go.

Perhaps a hanging is like that, too. After all, it's the prisoner's great moment.

+

It takes nothing so much as a large and well-paid police force to spur on criminal activity, or it seems that way. Carmel has had its share of late. Some of the activity has been kept pretty quiet, too. Now comes an attacker and gets sent away with an arrow head in his chest, or somewhere less dramatic. Those same policemen who are so ready to put out your cat or let him in, or something, are baffled. So they ride about in their nice cars, carefully seeing that everyone has a building permit or some other permit, and then now and then escort a drunk home, and what else? Where do we taxpayers get our return? Nobody is afraid of the local breed of cop any more. Ask any speeder or drunken driver. There was a time, but Gus is gone, he doesn't work here any more.

+

Going back to August Englund recalls that he used to hate killing cats. He got his share of cat killings, too. He'd put them in a sack and shoot it out. Then he'd come back all a-sweat because he didn't like it. That was in the good, honest days, when a cat or a dog that required snuffing out got lead right in its owner's backyard. Now the little dears are put to sleep for a dainty fee.

+

There are a lot of pink and perfumed things this effete generation is coming in for. Life has to be "just so", or the liver is a heathen. One "Design for Living" might read like this: Birth, Van Snoot Hospital, courtesy Dr. Amos Wallop. Christening, courtesy Vanderbilt Union Temple. Schooling, courtesy Klare Klutz Kindergarten for Klean Kiddies, Methuselah Pri-

vate School, The Abbott Academy, Yale, Harvard or Princeton. Engagement, to Miss Gracia Du Pont Gibbs-Hoffe, granddaughter of the New Haarlem Hoffies. Wedding, Church of the Lilies, flowers by Castille, champagne by Mum. Home, by T. Montroy Lousian, latest European nightmare architecture. And so on. Boring, isn't it?

+

It is hard to beat the game. That is what most of us have about decided, those of us who hadn't decided it long ago and folded up and become mummies. That was way back in Egyptian days. The thing boils down to this, that when the wage earner has any earning power costs are high, when costs are low earning power is practically nil. Comes a boom, and nobody can get very far ahead of the game. Some save, put their money in banks, think they're set for the next ill wind. But what happens? Poof! And their banks have busted. They're worse off than if they'd spent every cent having a good time. There's a big campaign on now, based on "land values". Well, it wasn't so long ago that a beautiful bargain over at Pebble Beach couldn't be sold for enough to pay the last month's water and light bills. One might have grown potatoes, however, instead of a beautiful lawn and kept one of the wolves from the door.

+

Nothing comes to mind worth ruminating upon. Nothing. The weather is warm and pleasant. There's no rain anywhere in the sky. There's a little fog now and then about. Summer is here and the longest day. We've had an eclipse recently somewhere off in the Pacific. Otherwise all is quite normal. Doggoned if there is even any weather to write about.

+++

ALVIN BELLER HAS URGE TO PAINT EAST COAST

Just as Alvin Beller, Carmel artist, is once more becoming a familiar sight on Ocean avenue, having recently returned from a five-weeks trip to the Islands, he goes off again. Perhaps it was the effect of the tropics, but Alvin has a bee in his bonnet to paint the east coast in winter and to enjoy New York in the spring. He is going to drive by the northern route, taking his mother, Mrs. Clara Beller, as far as Portland just for the trip, and will then go on to Seattle to visit with friends for a few days.

Connecticut is his final destination and Beller will stay there until after New Year, painting snow and ice like mad (and probably wishing he were back in California where the paint brush doesn't freeze on you at the crucial moment). And then, when spring comes lightly tripping and birds twit, etc., Beller will grow himself a long beard and hide out in some dusty garret in Greenwich Village. Maybe he'll be glad to come back to Carmel by then.

+++

Perhaps the very thing you want is contained in The Cymbal classified ads this week.

Lial Orgatron Is Rare, New Thing

When we listened to the full deep bass tones and the high clear pipings of the Everett Orgatron the other morning—if we hadn't already been told—we would have seemed, and still seems, almost im-asked: "Where are the pipes?" It possible that the small console on which Margaret Lial played and the tone chamber up on the balcony could produce such rich thunderous music. The Orgatron is electronic, but has none of the faults previously found with electric reproduction of tone. Any of the tonalities may be played as separate cycles of sound and when played together the composite tone is a great blending of the many tone sources.

The instrument is approved by the American Guild of Organists and the measurements and layout of the keyboards is the same as any other organ, so that no new technique is required in playing it and organ literature may be played as written. There are no knobs, dials or slides on the Orgatron, all of the tonalities being drawn or canceled by tilting tablets. Another feature which makes the instrument an excellent music piece for both home and church is that very soft but clear tones, such as those used in the Communion Service, may be played by disconnecting the tone chamber and playing from the console alone.

Lial's Music Shop is justly proud of the fact that theirs is the second on the Pacific Coast and the

only installed machine in this region. The Orgatron we heard was the Colonial model. One of the larger models is installed at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, where the famous Bach oratorio, "St. Matthew's Passion", was sung recently.

William Harrison Barnes, author of "The Contemporary American Organ", and a visitor to the Monterey Peninsula last summer, says in a letter to the inventor, Frederick Robert Hoschke, "You give the listener truly musical sounds to listen to. You give the organist an instrument he can play readily and comfortably. My congratulations to you and the Everett Piano Company on what you have developed."

+++

Laura Dierssen is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Karl Hoffman of New York, at her home in Carmel. Mr. Hoffman, who is a mining engineer, plans to open offices in San Francisco soon and both he and Mrs. Hoffman will stay at the home of Mrs. E. R. Lucas while the latter is in Europe.

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Visitors Welcome

CARMEL CAPERS

Pete Conlon ran off to Reno and returned not only a chastened, but a married man. We don't know how much of a surprise this sudden onslaught of matrimony was to Pete, but he certainly put one over on his little friends. She was Sara Louise Miller.

Nancy Cocke and Carl Von Seltz gave a large party to celebrate their engagement last Saturday night at Del Monte.

The table decorations consisted of a silver shoe (for good luck) containing sweet peas (for good measure). There were carnations for all the male guests and, as you may have already divined from our sketchy information, things were done up right.

There was a beach party and barbecue Saturday night which was well favored by the recluses, the rebellious (who were boycotting Del Monte), and by the elements which provided a particularly warm and moonlit night.

Scotty Macbeth, aged 7, has requested us to make public announcement, in print, of his forthcoming nuptials with Joan Kitchen, aged 8. Scotty is the son of George Macbeth of Los Angeles. He has only been in Carmel a few weeks, but seems to have evolved some enterprising ideas.

Never saw anything quite so ubiquitous as the Nesbitt art. At least, that's the nicest word we can apply to it at the moment.

Perhaps there is a law that no four walls can be erected in Carmel without being enlivened by delicious pink and blue Nesbitt fauna.

If you wish to avoid hanging Venetian blinds from your kitchen sink, your stove, and every other conceivable and inconceivable object, avoid Louis Conlan, who is now Carmel's blind man and possessed of a singularly seductive sales talk.

How is Joan of Arc as a name for a female seal? We have thus christened a little lady who conducts her amorous affairs with more effect than dignity on Seal Rock.

Ted and Sammy Sierka are entertaining Miss Marian Van, otherwise known as Jane Friendly, who writes recipes and household hints for the Chronicle.

Jean Crossman, just let loose from Mills, is staying at her parents' home in Pebble Beach.

The Crossmans intend to spend the summer in Mexico City and Jean is preparing herself and her wardrobe for the trip and also making the most of Carmel in the meantime.

—LIBBY LEY

The Cymbal is the first newspaper Carmel has had that is a Carmel newspaper. There's a distinction AND a difference.

EL FUMADOR MAGAZINES NEWSPAPERS

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Dolores near Seventh

All-Color Film Next Offering At Filmarte

Entirely in the new technicolor is "Wings of the Morning", coming to the Filmarte for four days beginning Tuesday—June 29 to July 2, inclusive. It is said to be the best color picture ever produced.

Annabella, sensational French actress, makes her English-speaking debut in this film. She was the first European star to be picked to play in a picture entirely in natural technicolor.

In addition to her, Henry Fonda and Leslie Banks, the picture boasts the "golden voice" of John McCormack.

It was Rene Clair, famous director of France, who made Annabella the leading Continental film star, when he cast her in the starring role in his riotous farce, "Le Million". Annabella became the most sought-after actress in France, and her films, though they were in French, became popular in England and even in America.

San Juan's Big Birthday Fete Plans Ready

San Juan's annual birthday fete will be a gala festivity for this week-end.

Starting with a ball tomorrow night at the old Plaza Hotel, the big day's (Sunday's) activities will include a horse show with some of the finest horses in the state, a parade, including many vehicles of olden times, a barbecue at noon and two performances of the Mission Play, "Dolores of San Juan".

The pageant, which will be directed by Reginald Travers of San Francisco, is the dramatization of an actual historical event of early California and was written by Lucy Cuddy especially for this occasion. The first performance will be at 3 o'clock and the second at 8 o'clock in the evening. There will be a musical score written by Francisco Vallejo McGettigan and directed by Kenneth Helvy of San Jose State College.

Father Francis J. Caffrey, chairman of the fete, is expecting a large attendance, as this yearly trek to the old Mission and the delightful town of San Juan Bautista is on the calendar of many motorists and tourists throughout the state. The proceeds from the affair will go toward the reconstruction fund for the Mission.

SAN JOSE COLLEGE FOLK RETURN TO TOWN

San Jose State College closed a week ago for quite a number of the Carmel college crowd and they are back in town receiving many "hellos" and "haven't you heard?" No one can hear anything during finals but anyway we are here to welcome Jean and Wilma Crouch, Jane Gray and David Hagemeyer. Roberta Schilling, also from State, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Belvail in Carmel for the present.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN

The Other Village

S. N. Behrman wrote "Brief Moment" and "Serena Blandish", both New York successes, but of too delicate a texture to cart around among the provinces on a circus wagon, as has been possible with mass-pleasing "Boy Meets Girl", "Tovarich" and "Idiot's Delight".

Now Mr. Behrman has adapted for the American stage a play from the French by Jean Giraudoux. It is entitled "Amphitryon 38" and is having its "world" premiere at the hands of Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne at the Cushman as your CYMBAL goes to press.

This city clings desperately to ancient legend. It believes steadfastly that it is a "good theatre town". Stage people will inform you to the contrary. However, any child old enough to read the movie advertisements which all but monopolize the theatre advertising of the dailies will tell you with truth that we are a "good movie town".

Occasionally a stage premiere comes along to give local drama writers the opportunity to cut loose momentarily from the movies and show themselves as real thumbs-down critics. It will be interesting to observe their reaction to "Amphitryon 38" and its New York (via Hollywood) casting.

Of late years it has required a temerity approaching recklessness to lay anything before the San Francisco critical brotherhood. "Conform!" has come to be the watchword of the local producers. Years ago Irving Pichel and Sam Hume abandoned their splendid pioneering, and one by one the "Little" theatres have folded up. The latest to be shoved underground is the Pine Street group, which went on the rocks with the American premiere of a first-rate Russian comedy by the author of "Squaring the Circle". The critical departments of our dailies did not even notice this production. It died after a short struggle against public inattention, and the old-time producing group died by its side.

The Golden Bough's premiere of Elmer Rice's "There Go I!" fared badly at the hands of the critics, though casting and direction were mildly commended. About four years ago Elmer Rice gave up playwriting and went abroad, leaving no doubt in anybody's mind that he believed critical press opinion to be too shallow and Broadway audiences too stupid to justify any further effort on his part. If the writer is not mistaken he gave out the general impression that professional criticism in this country smells swinishly to heaven. Consequently the Golden Bough group's decision to open their first season with an unproduced opus by Rice was nothing short of foolhardy, especially in view of the fact that the group

operates without subsidy and its Guild membership drive is only just beginning. But the Golden Bough fall season, opening with "By Candlelight", to be followed by "Winteret", seems sure-fire, if not especially creative.

At the Geary "Brother Rat", occasionally amusing, is drawing well. It will play at least one more week after this one. College boys and a girl and oh! such fun.

At the Alcazar the Federal Theatre production of "Blind Alley" will close tomorrow night. It has been one of the best of the WPA presentations. It will be followed by another thriller, "Power".

The entire Federal Theatre and Music projects are, locally speaking, in a state of jitters. About half of the San Francisco drama enrollment has been dropped without notice, many of these people being cast in important roles in "Power", which was almost ready for its opening. Even the director of the production has been dismissed. A Los Angeles WPA "Power" production will supplant the local one.

The WPA item which is causing the greatest disturbance of the gen-

eral public mind has been the dismissal of Ernest Bacon from the Music Project. Here at least was one man of artistic competence and integrity, giving tone and stability to the whole uncertain business.

A few of us have never wavered from our opinion that as a patron of the arts—a Lorenzo the Magnificent—Uncle Sam is the original Man on the Flying Trapeze. We hope the ground crew have prepared a good strong net. Something seems to be coming loose.

—ADOLF GENTHE

Tex Raiburn, foreman on the Fish Ranch, was rushed to the Community Hospital Tuesday and operated on for appendicitis. Reports are that the cowboy is on the good road to recovery.

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Harlequin Sampson was lost, strayed, or stolen—no one knew which. His mistress, Mrs. Mabel Sampson, had hunted high and low for him since his disappearance at noon. Searching parties had sought the missing Harlequin from Hatton Fields to the Point, but to no avail. He had been gone hours—no one had the slightest idea where. Mrs. Sampson, though weary with anxiety, had decided to have one more look around—when suddenly there appeared a barefoot little boy leading a very bedraggled, dirty, tired-looking little dog. Yes, it was Harlequin! Mrs. Sampson uttered a cry of delight, grabbed Harlequin in one arm (stickers, burrs, dirt and all) and the bewildered little boy in the other. (He turned out to be little Hugh DeAmaral and had found the adventurer playing in the park and brought him back.)

With a reminiscent gleam in his eyes, Harlequin said to his mistress: "I won't try it again—right away. But I did have a good time!"

Skipper Bardley of Palo Alto has been visiting the George Eardleys, our genial representative of Zellerbach Co. Skipper, a Skye terrier, likes the village—but not our belligerent blackbirds who have chased him unmercifully. In fact, he has such a horror of birds that when he went to the airport the other day to see his mistress off, he took one look at the huge Condor plane flying away with Mrs. Eardley, said that was no place for a small dog and sought refuge underneath the car. It was with great difficulty that he was finally coaxed out.

Big Boy Rapp has an admirer, but he is quite reticent about it and won't say whether it is a gentleman—or a lady. (We have our suspicions.) Anyhow, this admirer sent him a special delivery letter from New York with fifty cents worth of stamps to buy him a dinner. Big Boy tucked the stamps in his collar and took his mistress, Mrs. George Rapp, shopping with him to help him elect the biggest, juiciest, fifty-cent beefsteak in Carmel.

Pongo and Jock Catherwood are trying to console their master, Joe Catherwood, who accidentally ran over a small Cocker and broke his leg. Incidentally, Pongo and Jock are the twosome who engage in such loud and lengthy debates when they are left alone in their master's parked car. When Pongo grows tired of barking, he jumps out of the car and goes a-roving—but Jock carries on nobly, alone, barking loudly enough for the two of them.

The first waking thought on Friday morning of more than 3,000 people in the Carmel area is: "This is Cymbal day!" And it's a happy thought.

Monterey County Fair To Start Things Going at New Permanent Location

Premium lists of all departments of the Monterey District Fair, August 12 to 15, inclusive, listing cash prizes and trophies amounting to approximately \$25,000 are now available to prospective exhibitors in general and residents of Monterey, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara and San Benito counties. Separate premium lists have been issued for the poultry and livestock departments and, with entry blank, will be sent on requests made to the offices of the fair, care of the Chamber of Commerce, Monterey. The main premium list includes these departments as well as agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, all departments of the junior fair which will be composed of Future Farmers and Four H Clubs, and the domestic sciences and arts.

Participation and competition in all classes is open to the world this year, with the exception of certain classifications that are restricted to Monterey County. Thus the annual Monterey District Fair assumes an important place in the circuit of major fairs in California and in the schedule of the Western Fairs Association.

Superintendents associated with Manager Treffe R. La Sehay, in charge of the various departments include Joseph Levy, livestock; John Santos, poultry; William Toombs, agriculture and horticulture; Dio Dawson, commercial and industrial; Mrs. George McDonald, household arts and sciences; and Jack E. Lewis, programs and entertainment.

State ratification of plans of the Seventh District Agricultural Association to purchase and improve a permanent site for the annual Monterey fair, has just been received, according to V. V. Adams, secretary of the association. The new fair ground is located on the Castroville Highway side of the Del Monte race track and polo field. The site, approximately 21 acres of beautifully oak-groved land, is bounded on the east by the new airport road, and on the west by the entrance to the Del Monte race track, just east of the junction of the Castroville Road with Route 101 to Salinas and south.

Improvements to be made in time for this year's fair, which will include a new main service road bordering the grounds, fencing, sanitary and electrical facilities, will be started at once. All fair departments must of necessity be housed under canvas this year, and six huge tents will be erected to cover the imposing exposition being planned.

The fair will be operated by the Monterey County Fair, Ltd., with the sanction and under authority of the Seventh District Agricultural Association. Directors of the Agricultural Association are Edward David, John Davis, Sheldon Gilmer, Arthur Metz, B. J. Pardee, A. A. Tavernetti. Officers are D. A. Madeira, president; C. S. Olmsted, vice-president; V. V. Adams, secretary-treasurer.

Directors of the Fair Organization are C. S. Olmsted, D. A. Madeira, Edward David, Les Hables,

W. T. Lee, B. A. Schulte, Ralph Hughes.

Officers are Allen Griffin, president; John A. Davis, first vice-president; B. J. Pardee, second vice-president and assistant treasurer; V. V. Adams, secretary.

Alice Mock To Be Bach Soloist

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous have obtained one of the most talented young American sopranos for the Bach Festival this year in the person of Alice Mock. Miss Mock, who will take all the soprano solo parts in the Festival, is a member of the Chicago Opera Company and an unusually fine singer of the music of Bach, with great experience in oratorio work. She was born in Oakland and after the death of her father took a small legacy and went to Paris to study music. After five years there she made her debut in "La Boheme". She was a member of the Marseilles Opera Company and took six leading roles with the Geneva Opera Company, going from there back to Paris where she gave four performances of "Lakme".

Press comments throughout this country and Europe have been very enthusiastic. The Chicago Herald and Examiner says: "Alice Mock and Tito Schipa annexed the honors . . . Miss Mock is one of those rare artists who achieve technical perfection." The Lynn (Mass.) Evening Item reports: "Miss Mock featured Festival soloist, proved to be a very gifted artist."

Michel Penha, director of the 1937 Bach Festival, wrote to the management that he was delighted with Alice Mock's voice and congratulated them on having secured her as a soloist.

BARBARA WOOD KEEPS CHILDREN IN THRALL

"And the crocodile in the great, grey, green, greasy Limpopo River pulled and pulled, and the elephant's child pulled and pulled, and his nose began to stretch and stretch, and that, my little ducks and dears, is how the elephant got his long nose." We are doing this from memory of a long time back, so if we're a bit offside literally we will consign ourselves to sit with the 16 other children who were enthralled by the tale of Kipling and some of the newer children's authors at the Children's Hour at the Library last Saturday afternoon. Barbara Wood of the Carmel Library staff meets with the children at 3 o'clock each Saturday and reads to them. Take some of your small fry there tomorrow afternoon and you will probably get a repeat of all the stories with your evening meal.

Mrs. Marjorie Lowell and her son, Charles, have moved into the Comstock house on Monte Verde recently occupied by Winifred Howe. Mrs. Lowell will conduct a pre-school class during the summer and through next winter.

Style Now Matter Of Ups and Downs

Seeing as how we are still wearing the same clothes we had three and four years ago the announcement of fall fashions—what is too, too, too on the Avenue—has just about knocked us for a loop. If only we had saved that dress we had in 1929, long in back and short in front, and how we hated it with our piano legs! Well, they are back doing the same thing again. This time, to add to the confusion (it is sort of hard to tell whether the model is sitting up or standing down) they get you coming and going with colors. One color in front and another color in back. For a dimth, they say, but optical illusion or no optical illusion, unless you have the figure to start with, you're just going to look like two people standing back to back.

The New York representative of Holman's, who saw all these things at the style show at Rockefeller Center, sort of gasped over the wires "and some of the skirts on the evening dresses go up and down, up and down, up . . ." and that was the last they heard from him. To satisfy their curiosity and yours and ours the store ordered an advance showing. The dresses are

coming in every day now. By next fall the whole Monterey Peninsula will be going up and down and up and down. Holman's doesn't insist—they just wanted you to know.

SYDNEY PECK TO BE BACH FESTIVAL VIOLINIST

Sydney Peck, who is teaching violin at the Pacific Grove summer session, is among the many new additions to the Bach Festival orchestra which is rapidly filling its roster with professional musicians of state and national renown. Peck was formerly violinist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and has been playing viola with a string quartet in Santa Barbara. He is the band and orchestra leader of the Santa Maria High School and Junior College.

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Two Stories That Show Wisdom on The Part of Two Merchants in the Matter of Store Signs

Regarding the efforts on the part of Carmel citizens to curb the tendency on the part of a few merchants to erect signs not at all in keeping with the spirit and atmosphere of the town, there are two stories, one of which has been told, but will bear repeating, that should justify the present expectation that Kip Silvey will do something about reducing the size of the board which bears his name over the doorway of his store.

One of these stories is about V. D. Graham, who owns the Five Cents to One Dollar Store and is, by the way, doing quite well with it. He has obtained much of his trade by reason of his desire to conform to Carmel ideas and meet the desires of its residents. When he opened his store a little over a year ago, he caused to be hung above the front of it a sign which resembled to a large extent the standard red Woolworth sign. Daisy Bostick called Mr. Graham's attention to the fact that the red sign did not fit in with the style of building, which her real estate office shared with his store. Jimmie Hopper is also said to have suggested a change. No sooner mentioned than done. The very next day Graham's sign changed from red to blue—and his business didn't do any suffering as a consequence.

The other story concerns C. E. Weaver. It has been told, not only in THE CYMBAL at the time it happened but, believe it or not, again in The New Yorker some time later. Perhaps it would be of interest to quote from The New Yorker. We do, as follows:

TO THE PEOPLE OF CARMEL

In the opening of the Mission Meat Market I made a mistake... an unintentional one, but a mistake, nevertheless. It was my Neon signs. Perhaps I should have known that they would not be in conformity with the spirit and atmosphere of Carmel, but I didn't. However, I was soon told, and I understand and respect the attitude expressed. I have pulled out the switch on the Neon signs and it will stay out. I certainly do not want to antagonize the residents of a city in which I desire to make my home and carry on business. It is my nature to be courteous and considerate toward those who come into my market and those who might come in. I am therefore sorry that I violated a Carmel tradition and I shall not repeat the offense.

CHARLES E. WEAVER

Mission Meat Market

—Adv. in Carmel (Calif.) Cymbal

New York pharmacists please copy.

Mrs. Gertrude Tooker and Mrs. Harold Sawyer of Berkeley are staying at Mrs. Tooker's summer home on Casanova street.

The latest letter from Kay Black, who wrote to THE CYMBAL from Freedomia, Arizona, consisted of a choice selection of rocks, arrowheads and a few pottery churds. There was nothing else in the letter. We surmise she had gone for a walk, taking with her her favorite cobi. (wicker basket).

Yesterday afternoon in the Social Hall of the Carmel Community Church, Valona Brewer presented her junior pupils in a violin recital. The pupils showed to good advantage the training which their teacher has given them, not only in technique, but also in musical understanding. They played works of Bach, Brahms and Schubert and a selection of folk tunes. Those who took part were Lucy Huisinga, Mel-den Moss, Everett Messenger, Le-on Young, Sonja and Peri Koehler and Eric Leffingwell.

Charles Volland, who is assisting in the publicity department for the Pacific Grove Open-House, will not only take Eric Coster's job at the Del Monte Hotel when Eric leaves for the South a week from Monday, but he will also take Eric's room at Grabbill's on Carmel Point. Eric feels that his tradition will be wiped out completely but wishes his successor luck in both places.

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THINGS TO COME



FESTIVALS

San Juan Bautista. Sunday, June 27. Barbecue, parade, lunch, horse show and pageant, "Dolores of San Juan". Performances at 3 o'clock and 8 o'clock.

Pacific Grove Open-House. Today, tomorrow and Sunday. Swimming pool event from 2 to 4 o'clock each afternoon. Saturday evening, Del Monte orchestra, floor show and bathing beauty contest at the beach. Also Feast of the Lanterns, boat parade.

DEDICATIONS

Carmel-San Simeon Highway and Big Sur National Park. Sunday. Barbecue lunch and pageant. Governor Merriam will officially open the road. Tickets at Staniford's Drug store.

DRAMA

First Theater in Monterey. July 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. "Tatters, the Pet of Squatters' Gulch", old-time melodrama with after-show. Denny-Watrous management. Tickets at Thoburns.

Golden Bough Green Room on Casanova near Eighth. St. James Repertory Company opens with Lynn Rigg's comedy, "Russet Mantle", June 2, 3, 4 and 5. Tickets at Staniford's or box office.

MUSIC

Third Annual Bach Festival. July 19 to 25. Five concerts of Bach with chorus orchestra and soloists. Denny-Watrous management. Tickets at Thoburns.

MARIONETTES

Marian Meredith Farm. 15 miles up Carmel Valley. Tomorrow John and Mitz present "The Wicked Witch". Matinee and two evening performances.

MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte. Monte Verde near 8th. Two performances at 7 and 9 p.m. Matinees Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30. Tonight and tomorrow "Ecstasy". Sunday and Monday, Cicely Cortnedge and Ernest Truex in "Everybody Dance". Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Annabella and Henry Fonda in technicolor, "Wings of the Morning".

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone in "Quality Street". Saturday, Ann Dvorak in "Racing Lady", and "Trouble in Morocco". Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Ferdinand Gravat and Joan Blondell in "The King and the Chorus Girl". Wednesday,

Virginia Bruce and Kent Taylor in "When Love Is Young".

FIRECRACKERS

Mission Ranch Club. Fourth of July. Barbecue and general good time. Sponsored by the American Legion Club of Carmel. Dancing, games, boxing and eats.

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This is the Story Of Troup and Trouper

Down there at the Green Room of the Golden Bough the St. James Repertory Company is having itself a good and industrious time. The group is rehearsing, making stage sets, cleaning up the back rooms, sewing on costumes and stopping after the end of an act for a bit of chit-chat and refreshment.

The company will open its summer season with Lynn Riggs' delightful and telling contemporary comedy, "Russet Mantle", next Friday evening, July 2, and run through until Monday night. And then, like the good and experienced troupers they all are, they will round "Dangerous Corner", J. B. Priestley's psychological flirtation with life, the next week-end.

A new and attractive addition to the cast arrived somewhat precariously, this week in the charming person of Daisy Belmont. Miss Belmont has a world of theater tradition behind her. She has played with Belasco and Faversham and in the silent pictures with Alice Brady, Marguerite Clark and Thomas Meighan. She was called to Hollywood from a starring role in "Prisoners of War" in the New York production and took parts in "Little Lord Fauntleroy". She has also played with Greta Garbo and Katharine Hepburn. Her most recent experience, that of coming to Carmel, seems to interest her most at the present so we pass it on to you.

Miss Belmont started out from Los Angeles in what she calls her trailer-home and had driven just 20 miles, which brought her to Malibu Beach, when the car took on an advanced state of hiccups and colic. By coaxing, she got on eight miles to a gas station, but there was no mechanic and she didn't want to go back. Enter the hero, known only as "a man driving to Sacramento" and "a diamond in the rough". He offered a tow in exchange for feeding his and his car's stomachs. It was accepted. The tow rope broke seven times. They stopped and got a chain.

"Don't think I'm ungrateful," says Miss Belmont with a sigh, "but that man never drove a straight mile. He was over the white line and then out on the shoulder. I know I drove thousands of miles across the road, not counting the 400 up here."

Coming down the Santa Maria grade the car broke away once, sending her into a ditch minus a bumper (the car, we mean). Miss Belmont and her hero arrived in Carmel just outside of Steve's Chop House early in the morning. After grabbing a bite, she walked to the theater and announced herself ready for rehearsal. Some trouper!

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Payant and Hungerland, Travelers, Pre-Open the San Simeon Highway

With the fog rolling high, a bright moonlight shining through, and the roar of the ocean coming up from below, Felix Payant and Helmut Hungerland drove up the Carmel-San Simeon Highway last Monday night, entirely unconscious of the fact that they were preceding the opening of the road by seven days.

The two of them started out from Hollywood, a bit dazzled by the sights and the people they knew and had just met—and planned to drive to San Francisco. They were told that they could drive up by the coast route, so they shoved the car in gear and vowed to keep to the west. "Almost west into the ocean," put in Hungerland, with a gleam of remembrance and high glee in his eyes.

Westward and westward they went on the Roosevelt No. 1 Highway, passed the last signs of civilization at Cambria and drove on. At about 11:30 o'clock they began to feel they would never get out of the wilderness. The road was soft, rocks slid out from under their wheels and they could see nothing because of the fog which blanketed them. Only the ocean, booming and howling below a sheer drop from the edge of the road, gave them some small feeling of at least being on the Pacific Coast.

After they had gone 70 miles they came to a sign saying "No Passing Possible", or some such ditty, but the gas was nearly gone and it would have been impossible to turn back as well as not being in keeping with the spirit of the whole adventure. Now, red lights appeared on the sides of the road or path or whatever they were driving over and it was necessary for Hungerland to dismount from his charging steed and remove obstacles, such as "road-closed" signs, from their path. The grade seemed continuously on the up-climb and the gas getting lower and lower, until with a last gasp they came to the top of a hill and coasted down to Pfeiffer's.

That was 2 o'clock in the morning. At 3 o'clock that afternoon they were supposed to be in San Francisco at a tea and 24 hours later on a boat headed for the Far East. They didn't get to the tea. We hope they made the boat. They stayed in Carmel until about 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and enjoyed our city and ate lunch. Two lunches for Hungerland. He said he was tired from so much road work.

To get back to the beginning, or something like that, we should tell you something about these two Don Quixotes. Payant is editor of the magazine "Design" (on the Carmel Library tables for all to see). He has taught or teaches art at Ohio State College and just to prove to Mr. Payant that we do know someone who studied under him, we will tell you that he always matches his neckties to his hair—a nice, mild red, or should we say, russet.

Helmut Hungerland, besides submitting designs and articles to Payant's magazine, teaches the history of culture at Stevens' College, Columbia, Missouri. Hungerland came from Germany last November. He was twice confined in a Nazi concentration camp; escaped finally and came to this country. The charge made against him by the Nazis is a cruel indictment against his fatherland, but a fine compliment to his own person. They told him "A man of your intelligence is a danger to the state." They meant just that. Hungerland is a scientist and was teaching at one of

the big universities in Germany, but he was too good and they were afraid of him. They perhaps had no reason to be, except that he represents the last of a dying group of individualists who have no place in a collective state. We hope that we shall meet more of this dying race. They fight their death struggles with such high enthusiasm and, strangely or no, with humor inspired by the gods.

The two of them are thinking of starting a School of Scientific Loafing in Carmel when they come back to the mainland in August. After observing the Indians at Taos they have decided on the "free standing" method as opposed to the "wall supporting" method. Payant believes that after three years of training in this advanced school for poise and personality the students will be ready to develop new dance forms from rhythmical swaying, and when they get to the stage where their fingers start to wiggle, objects may be placed in front of them, such as clay from which they may begin to mould artistic forms and perhaps a Japanese paintbrush for some good black and white drawings. We assured them there would be many accomplished students for the classes.

Hungerland's very slightly inadequate knowledge of the English language has developed another amazing talent in the man—that of dramatization. We can't show you in print how he tells, or rather told, a waiter that he wanted a shrimp, but we can only note that the entire dining room staff and the orchestra of the Commodore Perry Hotel in Toledo were put into a trance because of his desire for mushrooms. And by the way, Mr. Hungerland, the word is *finicky*, not "finicle".

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

+ + +

At Least, They Have on Record We Want New Post Office

(Continued from Page One)

ded on the list of eligible projects submitted to the Committee of Appropriations of the House of Representatives when hearings were held by that Committee on the item of public building construction outside the District of Columbia.

Please be assured that your interest in this matter is appreciated, and in the event Congress appropriates additional funds for public building construction at this session, the Post Office and Treasury Departments will give careful consideration to the claims of this city in the formulation of any new Federal building program.

All of the papers transmitted with your communication will be filed with others of a like nature and given consideration at the proper time.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) S. W. Purdum
Fourth Assistant Postmaster
June 16, 1937 General

THERE'S NO DRINK
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Forest Theater's Future Discussed

It is probable that Byington Ford will direct a Forest Theater production this year.

That a production should be staged there was virtually decided on at a meeting of the Forest Theater group and the park and playground commission of the city on Monday of this week.

Previous to the production, however, it will be necessary to raise money for making the stage safe. It has been pronounced by Birney Adams, city inspector, as dangerous at present, and he has also refused to permit the electricity to be turned on there. At the meeting Monday a possible benefit play on some other stage for the purpose of restoring the theater to a usable condition was discussed.

The consensus at the meeting of the two groups was that a Forest Theater annual production should be continued even though the property has been turned over to the city for park and playground purposes.

The Forest Theater group, which discussed the matter with the park and playground commission, included Henry Dickinson, Herbert Heron, Lita Bathen, George Seidenbeck, Byington Ford, Col. C. G. Lawrence and Mrs. Ross Miller.

It was announced at the meeting by Corum Jackson, chairman of the commission, that the contract for re-surfacing the two tennis courts in Carmel Woods had been let to the Granite Construction Company and that the courts should be ready for play some time in July.

+ + +

Emma Waldvogel sails from New York tomorrow for Europe and a four months vacation, to see the Paris Exposition and visit old friends in her native Switzerland.

A convenient way to renew your subscription to The Cymbal is to drop into the office of the Carmel Investment Company (Barnet Segal) almost next to the post office and do it.

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YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 423 acres or 3/5 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1245. Business licenses, 252.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Isa D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

The Federal Art Gallery is on the Seven Arts Court, Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carl Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230.

Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 week-days, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmarte. West side of Monte Verde street, leasee and manager. Selections new, both American and foreign. Two shows in evening, 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday, 2:30 p.m. Telephone 403.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weir, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. S. E. corner, Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:50, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, A.M. 7:50, 9:35. P.M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M. 9:00, 10:55. P.M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A.M. 8:55. P.M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A.M. 10:25, 11:15. P.M. 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

Personalities & Personals

John Langley and Adelaide Howard, plus the two progeny, are making trailer tracks up into the high Sierras. The last we heard they were headed for Bass Lake, which is in Madera County.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Lewis of Santa Barbara are enjoying a fortnight's stay in Carmel. They have rented a cottage on north Camino.

Mrs. Bernhardt Johnsen will take a chance on some fog and stay in Carmel for a month. She comes from Pasadena.

Another of the art colony will desert the fold for the summer when Mr. and Mrs. C. Chapel Judson sail for the Orient July 24 on the President Hoover. They will be gone several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis entertained a group of friends at a farewell tea for the Martin Flavins and the Robinson Jeffers last Monday afternoon at their Mission Ranch home.

Mrs. Robert Washburn and her two children, Myra and Tommy, will be in Carmel for the next two weeks.

Theodore "Ted" Gilbert, who was in the violin section of the Bach Festival orchestra last year is back in town staying at Mrs. T. C. Forest's on Lincoln street.

Mrs. McKim Hollins entertained a group of friends at her home in Pebble Beach last Sunday evening in honor of Alma Walker Hearst.

Jerome Chance consulted the moon and decided that last Saturday night would be a fine time to give a beach party. A hamper of sandwiches (with sand) and wine helped to entertain the crowd that gathered at the foot of Santa Lucia. We have heard that some members of the party stayed on the beach all night and we know that others took a moonlight dip in the river. Anyway, much song and laughter and chit-chat made a darn good party.

Dolly Mathewson, the beautiful blonde who had all the boys doing flip-flops up and down Ocean avenue and has most recently been reported as acting in the movies, is now in Seattle. Dolly spent most of her time in Hollywood working at Bullocks-Wilshire, lucky gal.

Dick and Jan Albee were down over last week-end. Dick is doing court room work for the San Francisco Chronicle. The Albees stayed over Saturday night with Ed Ricketts.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard are staying at Pine Inn. The Howards are from San Francisco and often visit in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Flaherty visited with Mrs. Flaherty's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Mark Rifenbark, in San Jose, last week-end. The Rifenbarks will return the visit next Sunday when they attend the Episcopal Conference at Asilomar.

Mrs. Carol Veazie, who has played in several of Galt Bell's productions in Carmel and has done dramatic work in Berkeley and New York, is around town while her husband, Rev. Henry P. Veazie,

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FOR RENT—For summer months. Exclusive 3-bedroom house in Hatton Fields. Two baths. Every modern convenience. Patio with barbecue pit. Call Carmel 371.

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ROOMS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two rooms (one with private entrance). Sixth, near San Carlos. Reasonable rent to permanent guests. Gentlemen preferred. Telephone 558.

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is attending the Episcopal Conference as a representative from his parish in St. Francis Wood in San Francisco.

Stovepipe Hall is having a bring-your-own dinner and get-together tonight at the Shack in back of the Carmel Art Association Gallery. Bring your own means not only food and drink, but also cups and plates and tinware.

Signs of civilization. Perhaps it was the tone of voice or perhaps it was only the fond, excited statement, but we stopped for just a second opposite Slevin's when a woman said, "Why, there's a Los Angeles Times!"

Mrs. V. T. Reynolds has 11 baby canaries who are taking singing lessons from two well-trained birds in the window of the Reynolds Coffee Shop. Two of the babies are white and quite something to look at. You can also try to get them started by doing a little whistling and warbling yourself, but the instructors might object to that.

A flagrant case of forgery comes up in printing of the posters for "Tatters". Hazel Watrous openly admits that she signed the artist's name. Wolo, it seems, drew it on the wrong side of the figure and didn't leave any room for the printing matter, when he did the sketch at the opening night several weeks ago. The case is pending, but "Heaven will protect the working girl", Hazel, so don't lose any sleep over it.

Quite a few celebrities have already engaged seats for the repeat performances of "Tatters" at the

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EXPERT TUTORING. Wm. Thurston Brown. (Yale). With Menlo Junior College, 1923-1935. Telephone Carmel 1106-J.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING work wanted. Ruth Holmes. P. O. Box 1171. Tel. 654-J.

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FOR GOOD BUYS in Musical Instruments, Pianos and Radios, see the MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 523 S. Main Street, Salinas. Phone Salinas 1095.

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MISCELLANEOUS

PIANO WANTED—Small square, with walnut base. Telephone before 8 a. m. Carmel 906.

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Marion Karr.

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First Theater in Monterey. Representatives from the Zeppo Marx Agency in Hollywood will be in the audience to look over the talent. Ada Hanifin will be down from San Francisco again to run a story for the Examiner. Betty Fox and her husband, who is a director in Hollywood, will also see the show.

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You Will Miss a Great Artistic Treat If You Fail to See 'Ecstasy'

We were going to try to write something of our own point of view regarding "Ecstasy", which showed for the first time in Carmel at the Filmarte last night, and will continue tonight and tomorrow, but in this case, and literally, words fail us. We have found another reviewer, however, who is beyond us in wisdom and expression of thought. We quote him, and we insist that what we were trying to say ourselves he has said so much better, and completely expresses our desire, for us. We would have been proud to have said it—for its clarity and for its truth.

"Someone has well defined great art by stating that it will yield only in part to dissection and analysis. Always there remains an elusive residue of the unexplainable. For this reason we are at a loss for words with which to convey the qualities of Ecstasy. It is a pictorial poem, a symphony in moods and movement expressed in the most evanescent overtones of sight and sound. It lives with a harmony and a rhythm which are the rising and falling rhythms of nature, and it overwhelms us with the ecstasies and the inappealable tragedies which they bring. No picture we

have seen has so completely realized the cinema as an independent art form.

"Most of the effectiveness of Ecstasy is achieved through what might be called interpretive photography. The story is told and the moods are established mainly with the camera. Perhaps a hundred words are spoken throughout the film. The only other sound is that of continuous and appropriate music, which accompanies rather than evokes emotions. The camera tells us what these people are thinking and feeling far more vividly than could any dialogue.

"Seeing Ecstasy can be nothing less than a great artistic experience. It is not pornographic, because it does not degrade sex. It is as valid to condemn Ecstasy for its "erotics" as it would be to object to A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court because it is full of anachronisms. These qualities in each case are vital and essential to the theme. To remove them would in the one instance be to render a great comedy meaningless, in the other to destroy a profoundly moving work of art."

—FRED STEIN in the Hollywood Spectator

NANCY COCKE IS NOW MRS. CARL von SALTZA

Our Nancy Cocke is now Mrs. Carl Anton Philip von Saltza.

We have this on the authority of a wedding announcement sent to us by Colonel and Mrs. John Cocke, her parents, as well as word of mouth from Nancy herself, telling us on Tuesday that such a transformation would happen on the following day.

Following the wedding ceremony Wednesday at the Cocke home on Mission and Twelfth streets, attended only by members of the immediate families, Mr. and Mrs. Carl von Saltza departed for the East. They will stay in Ogunquit, Maine, for the summer and fall, probably returning to Carmel before Christmas. Then they are to live in, on, or at Jack's Peak in Monterey.

+ + +

FEDERAL ART GALLERY HAS MOVED TO BIGGER STUDIO

The Carmel Federal Art Project and Gallery has moved to more spacious quarters around the balcony of Seven Arts Court into the studio formerly occupied by Sybil Anikev. The great skylights in the studio, which was known for many years as the workshop of Edward Weston, provide fine lighting for the many objects produced by local artists on the project, as well as those loaned from other projects. Burton Boundey, supervisor of the Federal Art Project for Monterey County and his assistant superintendent, Amelie Waldo, are rapidly adjusting themselves to the new offices.

O! O! ED EWIG IS THROWING A STAG PARTY

We get an invitation from Ed Ewig for a Stag Card Party at the American Legion club. There were no gratuitous chips accompanying our bid to go, so the chances are we can't make it, but we appreciate the thought, and suggest that it will probably be a great night. It is this Saturday—tomorrow night—and you are warned that you had better telephone Ed if you intend to be there. You will be permitted to play bridge, poker or pinocle and no percentage will come out for the lights. The buffet supper may cost you something, and it is possible that not more than three drinks will be given away to any one person, and this includes families. The opportunity for delight without any feminine kibitzas is good.

on the commons at Cambridge

upper classmen talked of sophisticated drinking... several of the more traveled ones settled arguments by citing Daiquiri at the Snack in Carmel... clever these collegiates!

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The Carmel Cymbal

Mrs. Sampson Buys Normandy Inn

About 14 years ago a woman who had definitely learned the art of feeding people to their utmost satisfaction arrived in Carmel to demonstrate. She bought the Blue Bird Tea Room on Ocean avenue. She kept it, to all outward and visible signs, just as she found it, a piece of the old Carmel. But the inward and, we might say, spiritual grace of serving food she most decidedly improved upon. There is this tribute to be raised to Mrs. M. C. Sampson. She hasn't found it necessary to make any change since then in that first improvement. Blue Bird food has since then sold itself.

Now Mrs. Sampson has decided to widen the scope of her service. She has bought Normandy Inn. She will take possession on July 1. The name will not be changed. The outward appearance, as with the Blue Bird, will not change. What changes there may be will be the application of that art of serving food which Mrs. Sampson has mastered.

It is a simple case of one doing her job well and prospering at it. Mrs. Sampson's ability now to extend her business is the compensation life pays for that sort of diligent specialization.

The old Carmel took the Blue Bird to its bosom. Mrs. Sampson undoubtedly will bring Normandy Inn into the same picture.

MILDRED SAHLSTROM WRIGHT PUPILS IN FINE RECITAL

Mildred Sahlstrom Wright presented a group of her younger violin pupils in a charming recital at Margaret Lial's Studio in Monterey last Tuesday night. Those who played before an audience of nearly a hundred were: Katherine Beaton, Hugh Smith, David Snook, Laurel Bixler, Peter Hatley, Marilyn Flem-

ing, Sonny McCullough, Elizabeth Ingham, Jean Pomeroy and Mary Walker. The accompanists were Mary Walker, Jean Funchess and Joan Clague.

+ + +

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